the SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
MARVEL
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MARVEL DIGITAL COMICS
EXCLUSIVE

the SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
NEW JERSEY PINE BARRENS...
That's enough, Brandon.
It's real, mom. I've seen it.
I'm sick of you torturing your little sister, Brandon. Your weird stories are giving her nightmares.
I'm not lying, mom. The Jersey Devil is real. It's out there now. I can hear it.
Is that so? Let's go say hello.
No, mom! NO!
What did I tell you?
I don't see any monsters lurking about.
W-we gotta get back inside, mom.
Now!
What on earth are you--
Oh, god.
Oh, god.
SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

facegroup

SEARCH

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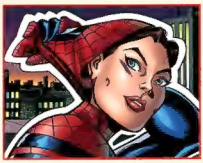
May "Mayday" Parker

HOME SEARCH INVITE HELP LOGOUT



INFO

NAME: Mayday Parker
LOCATION: Forest Hills, Queens
SCHOOL: Midtown High
RELATIONSHIP: Proudly Single
MOOD: Needs Closure ☹

STATUS

The name's May "Mayday" Parker, and I'm the daughter of Mary Jane & Peter Parker, the Amazing Spider-Man! Nowadays, dear ol' Dad's retired, but I'm the webbed wonder known as THE AMAZING SPIDER-GIRL!

My powers manifested themselves during a basketball game at Midtown High – and boy, has life not been easy since then! My parents aren't thrilled but they know that with great power comes great blabbidybla, you know the rest ;) Symbiotes, Goblins, animal-based creeps – I've fought 'em all. Even...clones.

Norman Osborn, the late Green Goblin from way-back, cloned me and had the baby infused with a symbiote's powers. He and the Cult of the Goblin sought to use her and my father to bring Norman Osborn back to life. She joined the family and went by the name April.

April's got an attitude problem, but she's trying. So while she went to high school to make some friends, I investigated the murder of Gwen Reilly, a con-woman claiming to be a distant relative of ours, and found myself on the coma-end of a beating from Tombstone. His goons dragged me off, but April came after Tombstone to finish the job – and she did, killing the indestructible man...

PHOTOS

FRIENDS & FREAKS

DAD

MOM

APRIL

CAPTAIN RUIZ

TOMBSTONE

SILVERBACK

BENJY

WES

DAVIDA

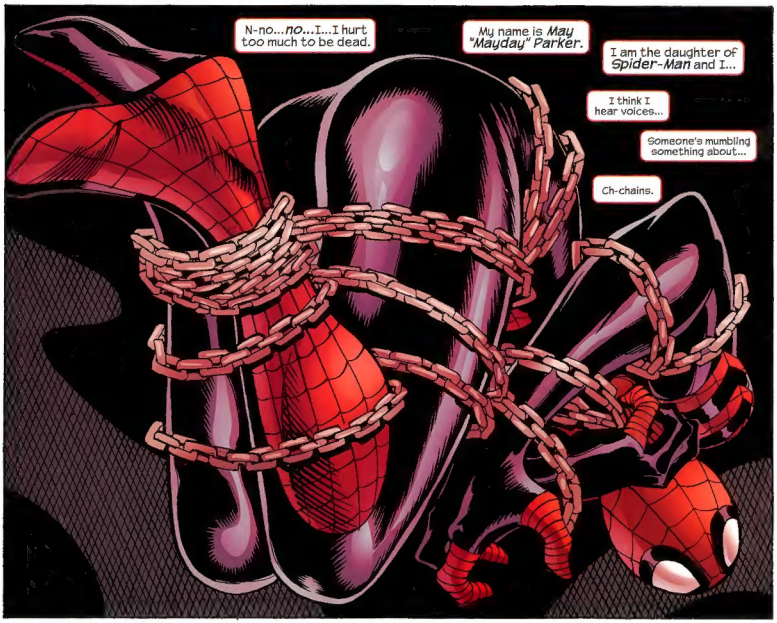
DARKDEVIL

KAINE

FURY

Ugnnn
W-where's Tombstone?
Last thing I remember, he was pounding on me and...
Don't even know why he attacked.
Is he connected to the gang war--
--or the murder of Gwen Reilly?
What's wrong with me?
Why can't I move my arms?
Am I paralyzed--
--or dead?

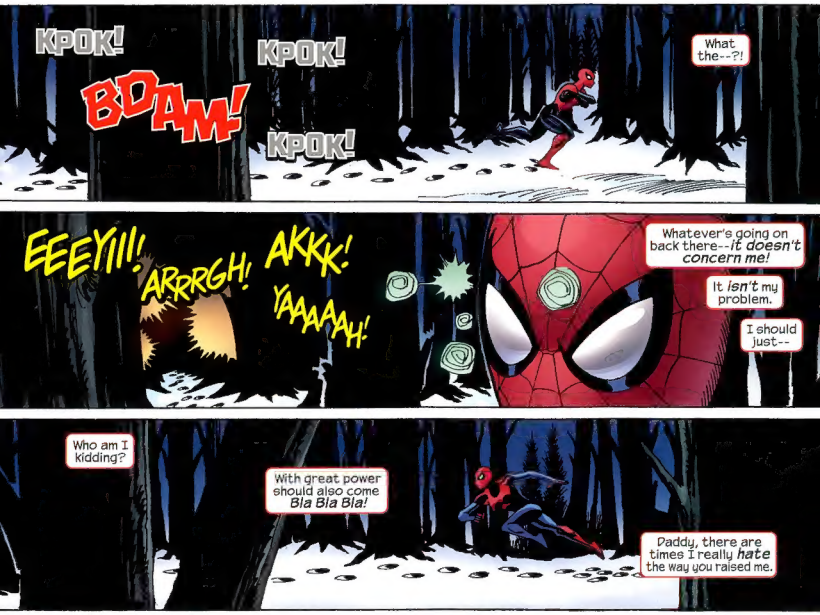
angels and devils


N-no...no...I...I hurt too much to be dead.
My name is May "Mayday" Parker.
I am the daughter of Spider-Man and I...
I think I hear voices...
Someone's mumbling something about...
Ch-chains.

I'm just saying it don't make no sense, Guido. Why she gotta be in chains if she's already dead?
'Cause I planned on dumpin' her in the river, Nunzio.
But Don Silvio told me to take her to the Pine Barrens.
I like your idea better. There ain't no Jersey Devil in the Hudson.
Are you freakin' kidding me? You don't actually believe that bushwah.
The Jersey Devil is just an urban legend, knot-head.
Like all them muties livin' in the sewers.
Nah! Nah! The Devil's real, Guido.
Kurt the Kid and Pat the olive-eater both seen it.
Idiot! They was bustin' on you.
Why you gotta be so mean all the time?
How can you do the stuff we do and still believe in that superstitious baccala?
Life is simple, Nunzio. You're born. You live.
And you eventually end up like this poor stiff.
Thank you, Jean-Paul Sartre!
Hate to mess up your worldview, but life is a tad more complicated.
Starting with the fact that the rumors of my demise appear to be somewhat premature.
In other words--
SPIDER-GIRL LIVES!

Blast her, Nunzio!
Don't let'er get away!
KPOK!
KPOK!
KPOK!
THANG!
TING!
TROFF!
W-whadda we do now, Guido?
What do ya think, moron? We go after her and finish the job.
Ain't no way I'm tellin' Tombstone or the Don we lost their stiff.
B-but the Jersey Devil's in them woods.
SHADDUP already!
Or I'm plantin' two stiffs.
I heard enough outta you for one night. Yer like my old lady the way yer always on my butt.
Why you got to be so mean all the time?
SLUGGN-
Head's still pounding.
Probably have a minor concussion.
At least I'm hoping it's minor.
Tombstone really did a job on me.
He smashed my web-shooters, crushed my cell phone and covered me with bruises.
My left ankle can barely support my weight--
--and I have enough nausea to light up Philadelphia.
It's my own fault.
This never would have happened if I hadn't ditched April earlier tonight.
I have to assume she'll eventually realize I'm in serious trouble--
--and come for me.

SLLLPPP?
Barely got my mask up in time.
I am such a mess.
A gross, disgusting mess.
Gotta get moving.
I doubt I could even handle those two clowns in my present condition--
--and I'm much too dizzy to try to escape by playing Tarzan.
I just have to hold out until April can find me.
We may have had our differences about who's the original May, but I know I can count on her and--oh, no!
What am I sensing now?!
How much longer you think this is gonna be? I need to stop and take a wicked--
Shaddup! You ain't doin' nuthin' until we finish the Don's business.
B-but I really gotta--
Uhhh, Guido?
What is it now, dummy?
SKREEEEEEEEEE
Y-ya don't wanna know.
Holy--!


KPOK!
KPOK!
KPOK!
BDAM!
What the--?!
EEEYIII!
ARRRGH!
AKKK!
YAAAAAH!
Whatever's going on back there--*it doesn't concern me!*
It *isn't* my problem.
I should just--
Who am I kidding?
With great power should also come *Bla Bla Bla!*
Daddy, there are times I really *hate* the way you raised me.

Hhhmmm! Looks like someone took issue with these fine gentlemen.
Could it have been *April*?

No, she would have inflicted a lot more damage.
So would a wild animal.
These guys got a good working over, but they'll live.
Hey... what's *that*?!

Odd!
Why do I doubt it belongs to this jerk?
Could he have grabbed it off his--
--attacker?

ANSWER, you idiot!
What's wrong with you, Guido?
Why don't you answer your blasted cell phone?
I know the Pine Barrens has spotty reception, but you should have been done long before now.
Call me as soon as you get this message.
Blast it! I hate waiting around.
The gang war is obviously heating up.
My police contact just informed me that Tombstone was found dead.
I can only assume the Black Tarantula is responsible.
You disappoint me, Don Silvio. Such a childish display of pique is beneath a man of your accomplishments.
The Black Tarantula!
How dare you breach the sanctity of my home?
Please forgive me. I can be quite impulsive at times.
I also took the liberty of disarming all your guards and arranging it so that we won't be disturbed.
It's time you and I discussed this so-called gang war like the gentlemen we claim to be.

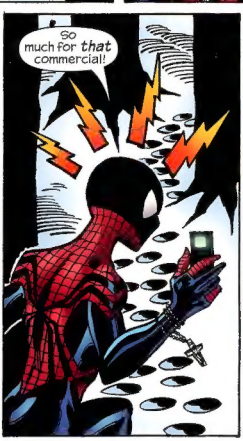
There you go!
You'll be back to breaking legs before you know it.
Hopefully, they won't be *mine*.

And, speaking of my safety...

Hate to leave you two unarmed--
--but I'm in no shape to carry you with me.
I can't even call for help on your cell phone.

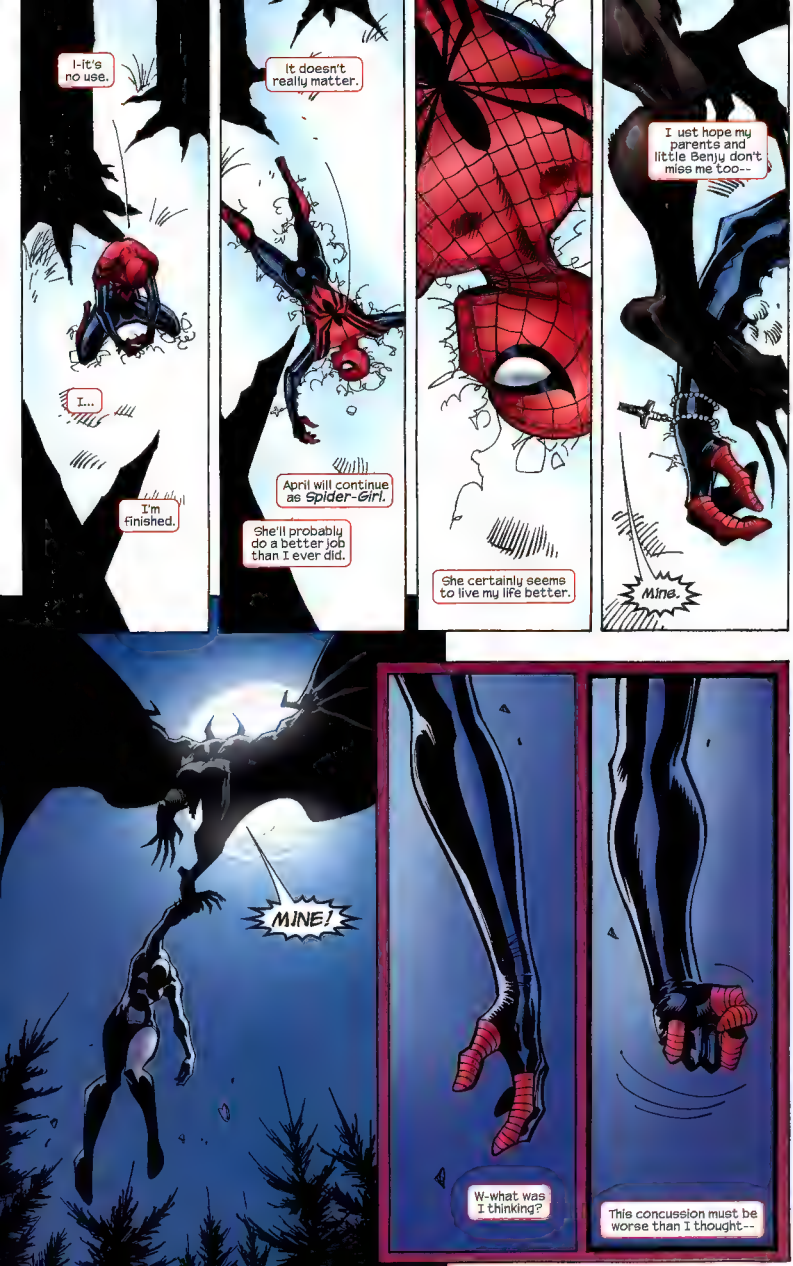
There doesn't seem to be any reception out here.
No biggie! I'll just go back to the car and drive around until I get some.
Of course, I'm suddenly wishing I'd signed up for *Driver's Ed.*

Here's hoping I make it back to the car before I pass out.
Hello? Can you hear me now?

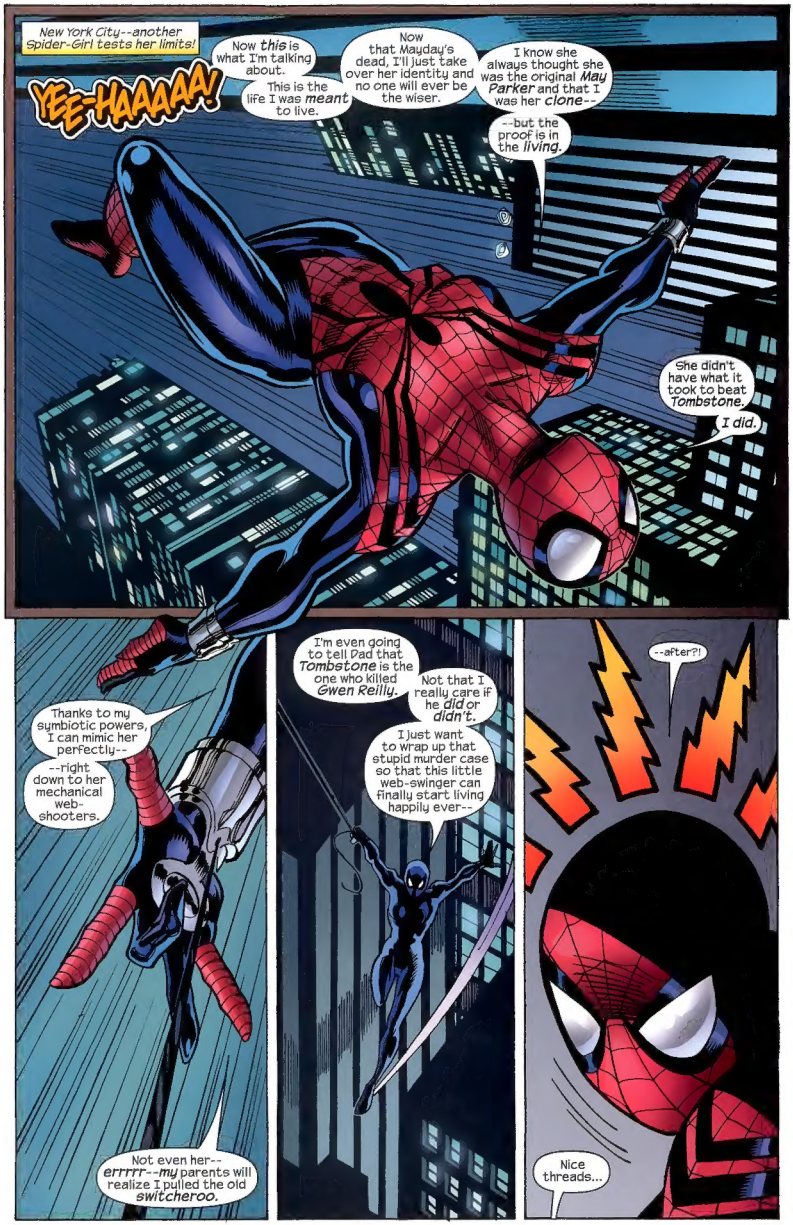

So much for *that* commercial!

SKRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEE
Bad mans try hurt Batwing.
Take mine.
MINE!
Ohmigosh! This can't be real.
I mean...the Jersey Devil?!
Seriously?!

I'm sorry, Parker.
POLICE
MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT
Based on your past association with Spider-Man, I hoped you could convince me that Spider-Girl was one of the good guys.
I don't know what to tell you, Captain Ruiz.
That's the problem.
She is now wanted in connection with at least two murders.
I am ordering all units to bring her in.
SKREEEEEEEEEEE
ARRRGH!
What's happened to my life?
I am so tired of fighting thieves, murderers, super-powered psychos and whatever.
I am just so--
-very, very tired
I gotta find the strength to defend myself.
I just gotta or--
SWAM


I-it's no use.
I...
I'm finished.
It doesn't really matter.
April will continue as Spider-Girl.
She'll probably do a better job than I ever did.
She certainly seems to live my life better.
I ust hope my parents and little Benjy don't miss me too--
Mine.
MINE!
W-what was I thinking?
This concussion must be worse than I thought--

--because my name is May "Mayday" Parker.
I am the daughter of Spider-Man and I never give up.
I never surrender.
SKREEEEEEEEEEE
I'll always find a way to win.
I will always survive
Always--


New York City--another Spider-Girl tests her limits!
YEE-HAAAAA!
Now this is what I'm talking about.
This is the life I was meant to live.
Now that Mayday's dead, I'll just take over her identity and no one will ever be the wiser.
I know she always thought she was the original May Parker and that I was her clone--
--but the proof is in the living.
She didn't have what it took to beat Tombstone.
I did.
Thanks to my symbiotic powers, I can mimic her perfectly--
--right down to her mechanical web-shooters.
Not even her--errrrr--my parents will realize I pulled the old switcheroo.
I'm even going to tell Dad that Tombstone is the one who killed Gwen Reilly.
Not that I really care if he did or didn't.
I just want to wrap up that stupid murder case so that this little web-swinger can finally start living happily ever--
--after?!
Nice threads...

...but you're not fooling ANYONE, Sweetie!

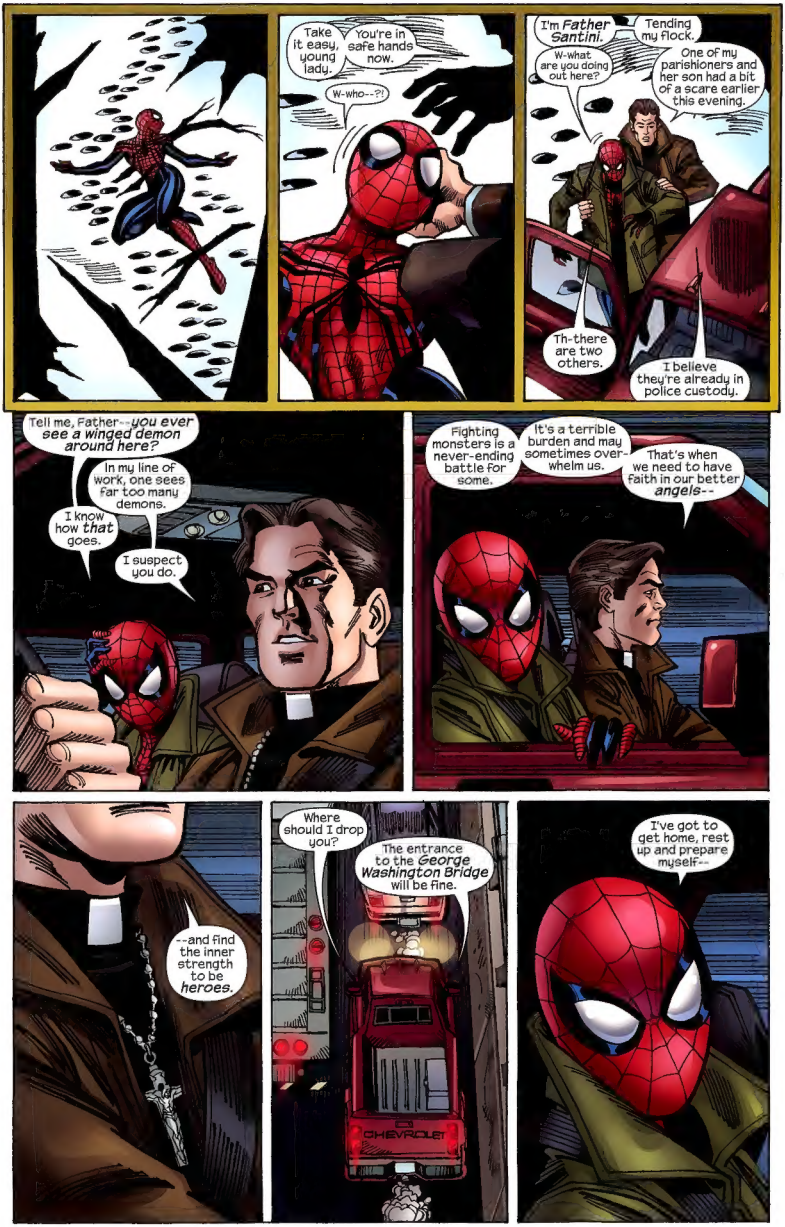
I know you're not the real Spider-Girl.

You're just a cheap imitation that grew up in a test tube.

You are a hybrid between human and symbiote which means you're especially vulnerable to flames--

--and sonics.
:ARRRRK!:

You were bred to be the ultimate weapon against the Parkers--
--and I'm going to help you fulfill that destiny!


Take it easy, young lady.
You're in safe hands now.
W-who--?!
I'm Father Santini.
Tending my flock.
W-what are you doing out here?
One of my parishioners and her son had a bit of a scare earlier this evening.
Th-there are two others.
I believe they're already in police custody.
Tell me, Father--you ever see a winged demon around here?
In my line of work, one sees far too many demons.
I know how that goes.
I suspect you do.
Fighting monsters is a never-ending battle for some.
It's a terrible burden and may sometimes overwhelm us.
That's when we need to have faith in our better angels--
--and find the inner strength to be heroes.
Where should I drop you?
The entrance to the George Washington Bridge will be fine.
CHEVROLET
I've got to get home, rest up and prepare myself--

"--so that I'll be ready to battle a couple more DEMONS!"
TO BE CONTINUED...